

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

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AN OLD ADAGE SAYS

"A light purse is a heavy curse." Sickness makes a light purse. The LIVER is the seat of nine tenths of all disease.

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Aug. 2, 1913

HER NAME'S SHADOW.

By ESTHER SANGBORN.
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If she had not been named Beryl perhaps Miss Stanhope would not have thought herself so hopelessly plain, so thoroughly and utterly unattractive. But that name—so beautiful, so poetical, sounding like an utterance in one short burning word of a womanly beauty almost divine—was as a curse to her.

It made her morbid. She shivered lest people learn it and smile at the incongruity.

Superconscious of her angles, her lack of color and dark circled eyes, reflected in every shop window, Beryl wondered why she had been named so incongruously. She almost cried when a wisened old woman with a parchment skin, in charge of a fruit stand, answered to the name of Violet.

What would she, Beryl Stanhope, be like twenty-five years hence? She could not free herself from the tormenting thought. In old age, with ugliness intensified, she must still bear the musical Beryl applied to her, a name designed for a round, milk skinned creature, with hair like corn silk and eyes the color of a calm sea, the cool, restful blue that is more nearly green.

She was reasoning to silence her ever renewed womanly hunger for beauty of person when she tapped at the studio shared by her brother and Lindley Wood. Her brother was out, but Wood was painting feverishly, a seldom seen exultation on his serious face.

"Come in, Miss Stanhope," he called hospitably. "Dick will be back in a jiffy. We are both making hay while the sun shines this week. Miss Cuyler is kindly posing for us, and she leaves the city Monday."

Beryl had not glanced at the model throne, but at this she turned quickly and caught her breath with a little gasp. A girl with the sheen of corn silk in her hair and eyes like a lapis lazuli sea, was silhouetted against a background of pale green plush.

A sharp pain that Beryl did not know was envy shot to her heart as she drank in the sumptuous coloring of the nonchalant beauty. Recovering her composure with an effort, she returned Miss Cuyler's greeting and stepped forward.

"Are you and Dick working on one theme, Mr. Wood?" she asked. "May I see?"

"Not one theme," answered Wood.

"Dick is doing an Andromache, but mine is only a study, an ideal head. I'll be very glad of your criticism, Miss Stanhope. My work fails to satisfy me."

Lindley Wood's pictures usually received praise from his friend's sister, but for once there were no exclamatory remarks. After a long look she drew back a step with heightened color.

"Wherefore the name?" she asked laughingly.

"Beryl!" said Wood unconcernedly, touching up the round white throat on his canvas. "That is just a fancy of mine. Haven't you names to fit your ideal types? I would not think of painting a blond Judith or a dark Rosemond. I've always had a liking for the name of Beryl—with boyish eagerness—and Miss Cuyler happens to look my conception of it. Do you like the pose?"

"Very much," she replied, thankful she could say so honestly. But there was a strange infection in her voice, despite her effort. Lindley Wood's keen ear caught it, and he responded with swift artistic intuition.

"You see something wrong with it," he exclaimed. "I want to know what it is! Be frank, and tell me why you do not like my Beryl?"

The living Beryl trembled foolishly as she buttoned her coat. "Beck to please the Institute committee, not me," she laughed. "My opinion is not worth that doleful expression, Mr. Wood. Tell Dick I shall expect him early." And, with a nod that included the model, she left the room.

Over their late-a-tete dinner that night Beryl tried to question her brother about Lindley Wood's interest in Miss Cuyler. But she could not. Her brother had been strangely preoccupied of late, and table conversation was monosyllabic.

"Wood hasn't been here for some time," he remarked suddenly, and Beryl, surprised in her thoughts, was glad that the doorbell spared her a reply. When Dick returned his friend's name was not mentioned.

Beryl sat reading in the little parlor when her brother went out "to pay some calls," he said evasively. When the door closed behind him she dropped her book and assumed ease.

Facing up and down the room, she assured herself that she would go to work at something presently and forget the episode. But, try as she would, her heart was filled with bitterness that her brother's friend—her friend, too, she had once thought—should have been so heartless, so utterly contemptuous of her as to paint an ideal Beryl.

"He could not have told me my shortcomings more brutally in plain words," whispered she passionately.

Then, seeing something white on the hall rug, she stooped and picked up a card. "Edith Cuyler," she read—her

brother's Andromache and Lindley Wood's Beryl. In that moment she felt almost as if she hated both artists and their model.

A chaos of thoughts danced through her brain, but through it all she always saw the pink and white face that had smiled from Wood's canvas above her name.

Unable to stay indoors, she put on her wraps and went out, but even the clear ozone of the winter's night did not arouse her from the strange thrall put upon her by the card.

She turned into the block where some friends, the Stones, lived, but she had no intention of going in, for she knew that Edith Cuyler was staying there. Suddenly a pillar of flame shot from a building ahead. In a moment she was in the street, a confusion of hoarse shouts and screams. Beryl stood still and watched the residents, like a stream of human ants, carrying valuables to safety. Then, as one awakening from a troubled dream recognizes the environment, she realized she was looking at the Stone's house and that it was a fire.

Attracted by a shrill scream, she raised her eyes to the third floor. The beautiful Miss Cuyler stood in a window, her blond head silhouetted against a curtain of fire.

Beryl was conscious of a commotion in the crowd. Then a man in evening dress fought his way to the burning structure and went up the ladder with eager steps. At the second floor a tongue of flame lit his features, and Beryl almost swooned with horror as she recognized her brother Dick.

The next few minutes were each a fearful, anguished laden century to the watching girl. At any instant the walls might collapse and engulf them both.

She saw the cameo-like face, pearl white against that red curtain, brighten with hope as she recognized the coming hero. Beryl saw Dick lift her from the narrow ledge and begin the perilous downward journey with her arms around his neck.

They reached the second floor in safety, though the ladder swayed unsteadily. Willing hands held it as well as inexperienced people could, but danger threatened every step. Forgetting that she stood among strangers, Beryl clutched some one near. "I can't look!" she cried despairingly. "Oh, if they should fall!"

"Why, Miss Stanhope," answered an amazed, familiar voice, "why are you here?"

She clung to Lindley Wood with a little sob of relief. "Tell me," she begged pitifully.

By the necromancy of intuition he understood. "They are safe," he said, tucking her hand under his arm. "Let me take you home. You are icy cold. Dick is all right," reassuringly.

She trembled violently. To reassure her the artist assumed a light, jostling tone.

"If Dick and Miss Cuyler were not already engaged they will be now," he went on. "How can I manage, I wonder, to make myself appear equally heroic to you, Miss Stanhope?"

"Why?" in a gentle whisper.

"Because I love you," drawing her into the shadow of a building away from the crowd. "I was coming to say it, but it is easier to say it here under the stars than it would be in your lighted rooms. I can better endure your 'No' if you cannot see its effect."

"Your ideal Beryl is a cameo blond," she reminded. "I am plain."

"What has my ideal Beryl to do with you?" he interrupted, looking his surprise.

"My name is Beryl," she answered. "Didn't you know?"

"No!" he cried emphatically, and instantly the memory of his words in the studio stood before him in letters of flame and he saw their significance.

"You always call you Beryl and—and—I believed your initial represented Barbara. A blond Beryl may be my ideal on canvas, but the woman I love and would call wife has eyes like deep, dark wells. Don't draw away, dear. Miss Cuyler is only a model to me."

He paused a moment, as she did not speak. "Perhaps there is some one else," he said sadly. "I dare not hope that you can care for me."

The hand on his arm tightened gently. "There is no one else," she said softly, "none but you. If you are satisfied I will never again complain or envy my—future sister—her beauty."

"Why should you?" cried he, pressing her to his heart. "Beauty of soul shines from your every lineament, my queen and wife, and—don't you know that you are a true type of dark beauty, anyway?"

Too long.

An old lady of his flock once called upon Dr. Gill with a grievance. The doctor's neckbands were too long for her idea of ministerial humility, and after a long harangue on the sin of pride she intimated that she had brought a pair of scissors with her and would permit her to cut them down to her notions of propriety.

The doctor not only listened patiently, but handed over the offending white bands to be operated upon. When she had cut them to her satisfaction and returned the tube, it was the doctor's turn.

"Now," said he, "you must do me a good turn also."

"Yes, that I will, doctor. What can it be?"

"Well, you have something about you, which is a deal too long and which

causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter."

"Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate. What is it? Here are the scissors. Use them as you please."

"Come, then," said the sturdy divine, "good sister, put out your tongue."—London Telegraph.

Bullying the Hens.
Years spent in providing food for boarders, in watching them eat it and in hearing their comment on it had accustomed Mrs. Orne to all sorts of compliments, reasonable and otherwise. She was a pleasant woman and tried to anticipate the objector's objections and to smooth his feelings as speedily as might be. Once in awhile her readiness with a soft answer was a trifle too quick.

It was at breakfast, and Mr. Smith, who, since his attack of typhoid, had been consuming vast quantities of eggs, looked up from his fourth with a slightly offended air.

"I wish," he said from the opposite end of the table, "that these hens could be got to lay their eggs fresh!"

"The last two would only caught Mrs. Orne's ear. 'I know it,' she said emphatically, 'and I think just the way you do about it. It seems somewhat as if it couldn't be done any more. Years ago, before Mr. Orne died, it wasn't like this at all. Then you could make them give you fresh ones.'—Kouth's Companion.

Tortoise Shell.
What is called tortoise shell is not the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number, eight of them flat and five a little curved. A large turtle affords about eight pounds of them, the plates varying from a quarter of an inch to an inch in thickness.

Air in Caves.
Certain caves have been reported as maintaining a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of 54 degrees F. They may be said to breathe twice a year—inhaling during the winter and exhaling during the summer.

District of Columbia.
The District of Columbia comprises an area of 60,245 square miles. The government consists of two civilian commissioners appointed by the president and confirmed by the senate, and one army engineer officer, detailed by the secretary of war, the three constituting the board of commissioners for three years.

In Place of Flowers.
Flowers are never used for decorating in Tucson, but at Christmas and Easter all the walls of the cathedrals are decked with wonderful damask of almost priceless value.

Madame is a Mode.
Now in dresses tightly drawn, Now in skirts full blown, Now in gowns of whitest lawn, Now of startling tone, And—everything she'll dare If but fashion's code Says this is the style to wear—Madame is a Mode!

Golden hair or black or brown, Pompadour or straight, In a stack of hanging down Who can tell its fate? What next fall will bring about No one can forebode. Ah, what should we do without Madame is a Mode?—La Touche Hancock in New York Press.

Charitable.
St. Sumner's—Was it really the biggest show on earth, as they advertised in the country papers?

Was Winters—Was, makin' allowance for the loneliness of the tents an' considerin' the fewness of their animals an' takin' account of the small number of performers, I reckon it was.—Puck.

A Quick Lunch.
Enter:
Bet.
Napkin?
Order:
Mush:
Gobbie:
Rush:
Water:
Pie:
Exit:
Fly!
—Joe Cone in Boston Herald.

Answered.
Bobby—What's the simple life, pa?
Father—Doing your own work, my son.
Bobby—And what's the strenuous life?
Father—Doing some other fellow's work. Now run along and play.—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Song of Finance.
Sing a song of finance,
A pocket full of chink,
Four and twenty lambkins
Hover on the brink.
When the market opens
The lamb begins to bleat,
Come, ye kings of finance,
And share the dainty treat.
—Judge.

The Arriving Hour.
In Edwina's home there is a clock which strikes with a soft chime, much like the ringing of a silver bell. The other day he thoughtfully listened to its stroke, 't was said solemnly, "Mamma, another hour is ringing to get in."—Woman's Home Companion.

Painful Progress.
"You don't seem to be getting along well," groaned the victim in the chair.
"No," rejoined the dentist. "I have evidently struck a snag."—Brownings Magazine.



When in Greensboro Come to see us.

Remember Headaches

This time of the year are signals of warning. Take Taraxacum Compound now. It may save you a spell of fever. It will regulate your bowels, set your liver right, and cure your indigestion. A good Tonic. An honest medicine.

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Advertise in THE GLEANER.

COME TO THE CELEBRATION AT BURLINGTON, N. C. July 3rd, 1909

The Merchants' Association and Chamber of Commerce ask you to be sure to come to the big July Celebration. There will be fun, rain or shine. This celebration will far surpass any previous one. Come and bring your family and friends.

EVERYTHING IS FREE. Cool, refreshing ice water all day. Good Speaking, Old Fiddlers' Contest, Banjo Contest, the Woman with the Largest Family, the Ugliest Man, the Baby Contest, the most Popular Young Lady, Single and Double Team Contest, a Present to Every Old Confederate Soldier Who Attends.

CONTEST PREMIUMS:

- The Best Fiddler \$15.00 in gold; Second, 10.00 in gold; Third, 5.00 in gold. Best Banjo Picker \$15.00 in gold; Second, 10.00 in gold; Third, 5.00 in gold—Judges, Dr. R. A. Freeman, Burlington, Rev. F. M. Harr, Gibsonville, M. L. Fogleman, Gibsonville.
- Finest Double Team—Buggy Blanket and Whip; H. G. Kime, Judge.
- Finest Single Team—
- Finest and best developed Baby, \$5 deposited in bank here until baby is of age—Judges, Mrs. Bedford Thompson and Mrs. George Fogleman.
- Ugliest man—A nice hat—J. W. Cates, Judge.
- Big Foot Contest—Fine pair Shoes—Avery Apple, Judge.
- Most Popular Young Lady Contest—\$5.00 prize—B. Goodman and Joseph Gant, Judges.
- Every Old Soldier who attends given a present—Uncle Jim Foster will give out the presents.
- The man and woman with the largest family and the family all present, the woman will receive a \$5.00 dress—Miss Ella Robertson will have charge.
- Dr. H. F. Moore will have charge of the ice water supply.
- Mr. ————— will deliver a short address.

And just look at the places to visit—the Baseball game at the Railroad Ball Grounds—a grand stand to seat all. The many Cotton Mills, Knitting Mills, Overall Factory, Lumber Mills and many other places. We will seat the office yard for the accommodation of the people. We are going to give everybody a pleasant time without any cost to you.

The William Todd Shows which are showing here this week will give free musical concerts with their band during our celebration. Their show will be worth the trip outside of the exercises.

We expect visitors from different parts of the state, and we will do all in our power to make it pleasant for everyone. Don't fail to attend and help us to make this a grand time. Every Violin Player and every Banjo Picker in the State is invited to take part in this big contest.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND MERCHANTS ASSOCIATION.